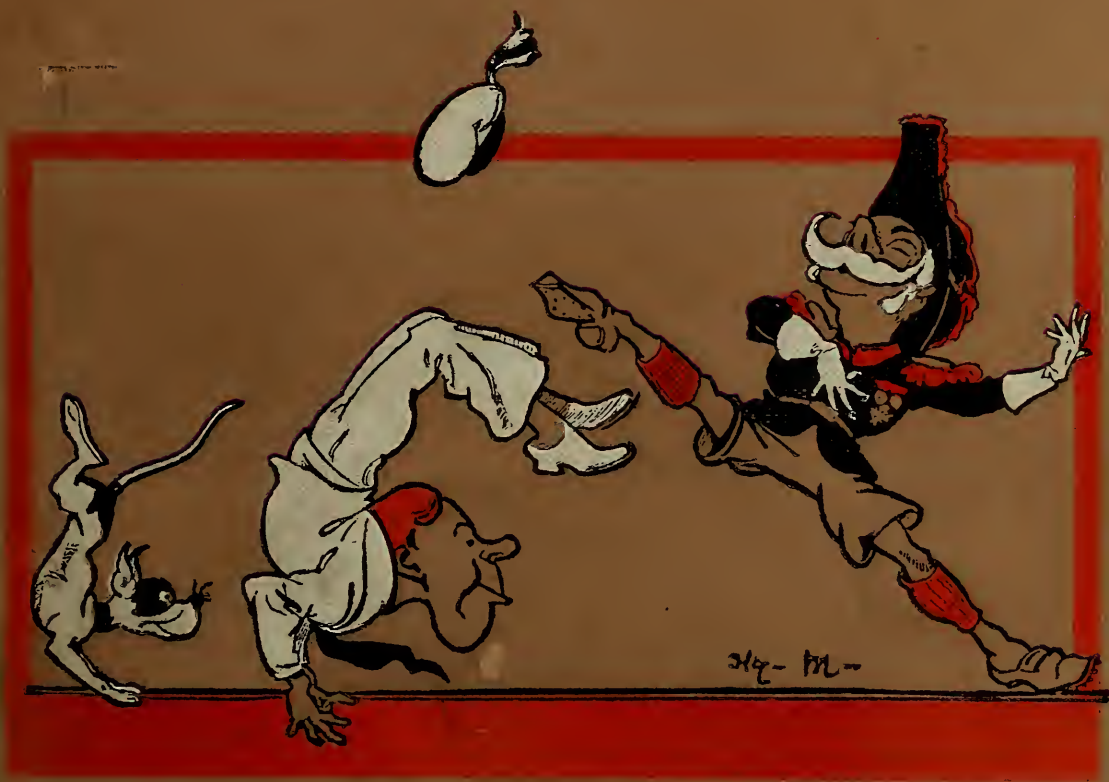


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IVY JONES'S YARNS AND OTHER SALTED SONGS



BY
THOMAS YBARRA

ILLUSTRATED BY
HY. MAYER



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DAVY JONES'S YARNS
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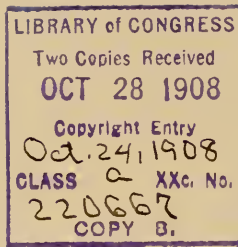
BY
THOMAS YBARRA

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DAVY JONES'S YARNS

I



A mariner sat on a wharf and looked far
out to sea.

He said: "What grand adventures
that there ocean's brought to
me."

I ran to him; I cried, "Oh, tar! Will
you not tell me some?"

With admiration and surprise I love to
be struck dumb."

"With pleasure I will tell you all," the
tar delighted cried.

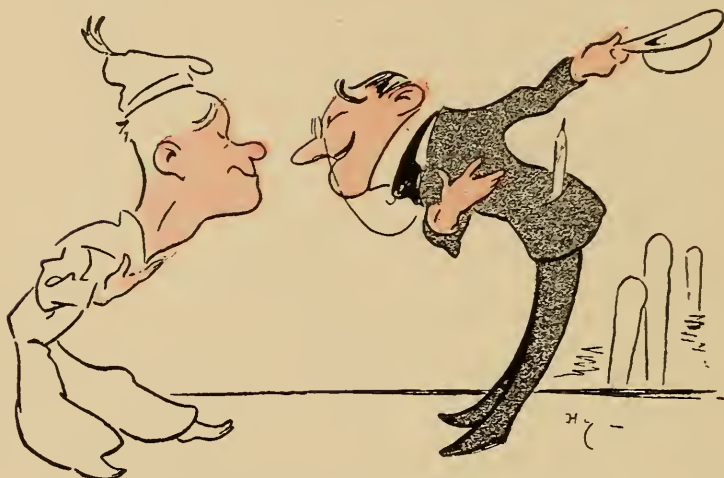
"The hearing of my manly voice has
always caused me pride."

And then he rose and bowed to me; I
rose and bowed to him.

We did it twice—we did it thrice—I and that sailor
grim.

"My name is Davy Jones," he said; I told him what was
mine.

We brought the total of our bows from three clear up to nine.



And then he rose and bowed to me.

He lit his pipe; he winked his eye; he looked up at the sun——

“ You’ve brought this on yourself,” he said—and then exclaimed:

“ Varn One!”

(How Davy Jones met with an Icecreamberg. And how happy he made the kind-faced Swiss admiral.)

YOU’VE often heard of Icebergs; oft
 you’ve read of them, I s’pose,
 But how about Icecreambergs? You
 have never heard of those.

They are made when many gallons of the Milky
Way get shot
Into the icy Arctic Sea and frozen on the spot.
Oh, my, but they're delicious, for the Milky Way's
pure cream
And sugared by the powder from the stars that
sweetly gleam.
Give me Icecreamberg for breakfast! Give me
Icecreamberg for tea!
Give me Icecreamberg for luncheon!—still there'll
be some room in me;
But though I've sailed ten million miles in fifty
years, I've reckoned,
I've met but one Icecreamberg—ah, when shall I
meet a second?

'T WAS when I sailed the Flying Fish upon the
stormy brine,
I and my dog—no mate—no crew—to such I don't
incline;
And as for sleep and keeping watch, 'twas easy as
could be—
I simply watched three nights a week and slept the
other three.

And on the seventh day each week, why then, ex-
hausted quite,
I called my dog—he's named "Dog Watch"—
and slept both day and night;
For discipline is discipline—it has to be kept up,
No matter if a vessel's crew is nothing but a pup.



I saw that great Icecreamberg rising like an island's ghost.

Well, in the Arctic Ocean once, near Greenland's
coldest coast,
I saw that great Icecreamberg rising like an
island's ghost

Out of the freezing waters—close beside my ship
it rolled—

Grand and icily delicious—creamy, glistening, and
cold.

I seized a grappling iron, made my ship fast to
that hill

Of sweet dessert, then with a spade I labored with
a will.

I took on board three hundred pounds—six hun-
dred—eight—one ton,

Two—three—four—five—as I'm alive—at last my
task was done.

From bow to stern, from hold to rail, my ship was
all a-gleam

With dazzling chunks and mighty hunks of beauti-
ful ice cream.

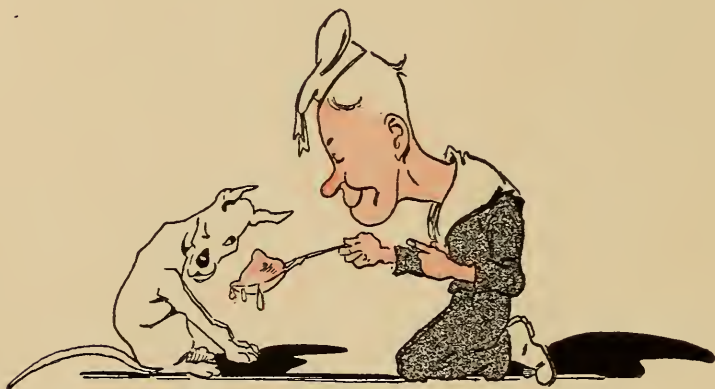
I ate it by the platterful, I scooped it up with
scoops;

I ate it by the dipperful with loud delighted
whoops,

And when I'd eaten many pounds, why then, with
my whole mind

I taught "Dog Watch" to like it—which was
difficult, though kind,

But just as half a teaspoonful I'd ladled in his
mouth,
A fearful hurricane came up and shot us toward
the South.



I taught "Dog Watch" to like it.

The South! The heat! The tropic sun—they hit
us all together;
From freezing-point I found myself flung into
furnace weather.
What happened next you surely guess—that ice
cream felt the heat,
And with one mighty gurggle melted all around my
feet.
In vain I wailed—in vain I baled—I tried the
flood to check;



What happened next you surely guess—that ice cream felt the heat.

“ Dog Watch ” was swimming for his life around
that cream-washed deck.

The milky flood flowed back and forth with an ap-
palling sound;

I started once to cross the hatch, sank in, and
almost drowned;

I tried to bale by bucketsful—in pails I poured
cream out;

I threw it overboard in casks—but still it surged
about.

Then lo! a terrible typhoon, straight from the
China Sea,

Caught us and dashed us toward the North. I
stood up to my knee

In floods of cream, and reefed and steered, when,
'mid the tempest's din,

That cream did freeze around my knees, and I
WAS FROZEN IN!

That was a fix—I groaned—I moaned—then heard
a mournful wail,

I looked around and saw “ Dog Watch ” caught
firmly by the tail.

In frozen cream—unlucky dog—he'd started up
the mast,

But that ice cream froze to his tail and held the
poor dog fast.

“ Dog Watch ” and I exchanged a glance ; I smiled
in sympathy,

And then he wept because he could not wag his tail
at me !



I looked around and saw “ Dog Watch ” caught firmly by the tail.

Two nights we froze around the toes—two days
we scanned the seas

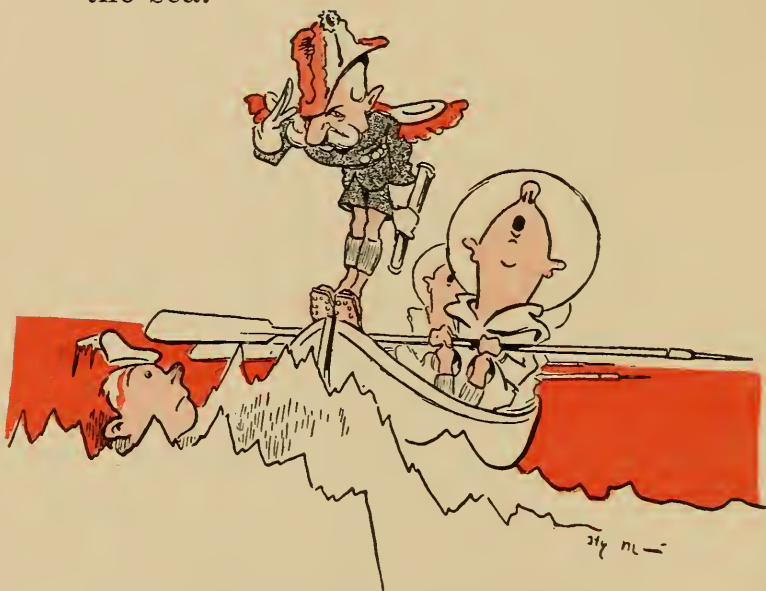
In search of sails—and oh, how cold it was about
my knees !

At last I saw a distant sail—then two—then
three—four—five.

It was the Swiss Atlantic Fleet, as sure as I'm
alive.

A boat put off from the "Mont Blanc," the flag-
ship grim and grand,
And the Swiss Admiral arrived and shook me by
the hand.

He was a kind-faced little chap in Alpine toggery,
With just a touch—not very much—suggestive of
the sea.



He was a kind-faced little chap in Alpine toggery.
And all his tars were half like guides—a most
peculiar blend—

And their rowlocks held alpenstocks with oar-
blades on the end.

They dug me out—they freed “ Dog Watch ”—
then their commander shrieks :

“ I’ve worried and I’ve torn my hair for many
weary weeks

To think of some fine birthday gift that to my
tars would seem

A treat—Hooray!—it’s my birthday—I’ll buy up
your ice cream! ”

And then he gave me silver coins and then he gave
me gold,

With joyous squeals he danced Swiss reels, while
I exclaimed: “ It’s sold! ”

I sailed away a wealthy man, while with an Alpine
scream

And mighty cheers those mountaineers pitched
into that ice cream.

II

I once was walking homeward on a chilly, snowy night,
Without a thought of Davy Jones or oceans blue and
white.



Davy overtook me, tripped me up, and cried.

I stood and shivered by my door, my latch-key forth I
drew,

When Davy overtook me, tripped me up, and cried:

"Yarn Two!"

(How Davy Jones got into trouble in Russia—and how his old friend, the Swiss Admiral, got him out of it.)

“**D**OG WATCH,” my faithful dog, and
I were on the Flying Fish
One lovely starlit evening when I
screamed: “I have a wish.

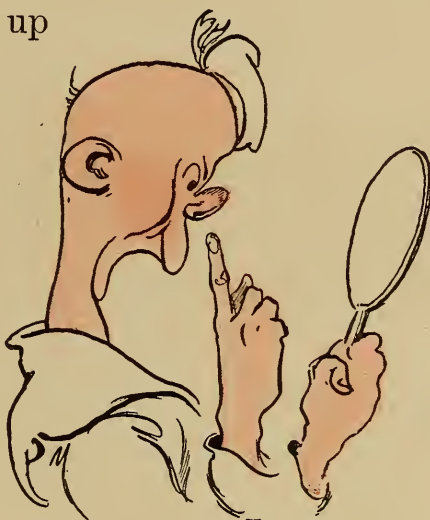
It is to visit Russia where the copecks circulate,



One lovely starlit evening.

Where otherwise sane people jabber Russian
while you wait."

NO sooner screamed than done—I turned the
Flying Fish's prow
Toward Russia's nearest Baltic port—" Dog
Watch " with glad " Bow-wow "
Endeavored to be dignified and held his head
high up



My face is very pliable—I twist it oft in fun.

Just like those Russian wolfhounds which he'd
read of when a pup,
And since I knew that Yankees who go into Russia
are
At times disliked, I cried aloud: " I'll look just
like the Czar! "

I THEREFORE grew a pointed beard and practised up a glance

Suggestive of autocracy and hinting at romance.

(My face is very pliable—I twist it oft in fun

To look like cheese or Socrates or Dante or a bun.)



And so the trick to look like Nick was easily achieved.

And so the trick to look like Nick was easily achieved.

I could have fooled his brother—or his mother—
I believe.

And then I landed gaily—cried, in Russian:

“How-de-do.”

The local population cried, astonished: “Is it
you?”

One minute more they eyed me; then with shouts
of “It is he!”

Those rude muzhiks all collared bricks and made a
step toward me.

“NO place for Nick the Czar!” I told my
doggy, “so here goes.”

With which we headed for some trees suggestive
of repose.

I tried to twist my features back, but every time I
tried

To do it—fudge—they wouldn’t budge—fear had
them petrified.

A saber shaved my whiskers off; a bullet set me
quaking;

A bomb blew up two footprints I had scarcely
finished making;

Another one upset me; I lay down upon the ground
And thought anew that death was due—it wasn’t
though, I found,

For bullets two whizzed by me, close together,
parallel,



A saber shaved my whiskers off.

And creased one of my trousers neatly, handily,
and well.

THAT made me feel encouraged, so I scrambled
to my feet.

“ A pretty way,” I cried, “ have they of treating
their élite.”

I ran—I passed a village—every one who chanced
to be

About, seized stones with awful groans and hurled
them after me.

I passed another village—empty soon was every
hut,

Deserted were the streets and lanes and every
store was shut.

While young and old, those villagers came sprint-
ing after me

Amid uncouth expressions of a most uncanny glee.

THE scenery was exquisite—I tried to make
short stops,

But on the jump through dell and clump, they
came—through bush and copse,

Obliging me to dash along, unable once to dally,
Through lovely dale, through flowered vale, and
through Wordsworthian valley.

And thus, collecting mobs in every village that we
passed,

With one great screech we all did reach Saint
Petersburg at last.

WE thundered through each avenue; we thun-
dered through each square;

The bricks were being better aimed—they often
grazed my hair.

I dashed right through the palace gate upon the
double-quick.

The sentinels presented arms. They thought that
I was Nick!

The sentinels presented arms—the generals all
knelt—

Oh, what relief beyond belief! How uppishly I
felt!

They led me to the dining-hall—my stars!—but it
was fine!

Two dukes, both grand, began to hand me costly
meat and wine.

What wines! What meats! What pickled beets!
Ah, recollection dear!

(Why, one large dish of scalloped fish made me
stand up and cheer.)

But, just as I was finishing my coffee, with a grin,



Two dukes, both grand, began to hand me costly meat and wine.

A folding door flew open and the real Czar ambled in!

HE eyed me in amazement; then he signaled to the guard.

I vaulted o'er the window-sill and scrambled through the yard.

The sentinels fixed bayonets; no generals now bowed;

Close at my heels with Slavic squeals the army joined the crowd,

With bullets, bombs, and bayonets!—and last, but—oh—not least,

A roar of Russian expletives which steadily increased

Each second, minute, hour, while I sprinted for the coast,

Exceedingly exhausted and devoid of hope—almost.

AT last I saw some ships, I did—and then I screamed with bliss

And yelled with joy for—ship ahoy!—I saw that they were Swiss.



A folding door flew open and the real Czar ambled in !

My friend, the gay Swiss admiral, observed my
fevered race
And sent a flight of shells ashore—the Russians
stopped their chase,



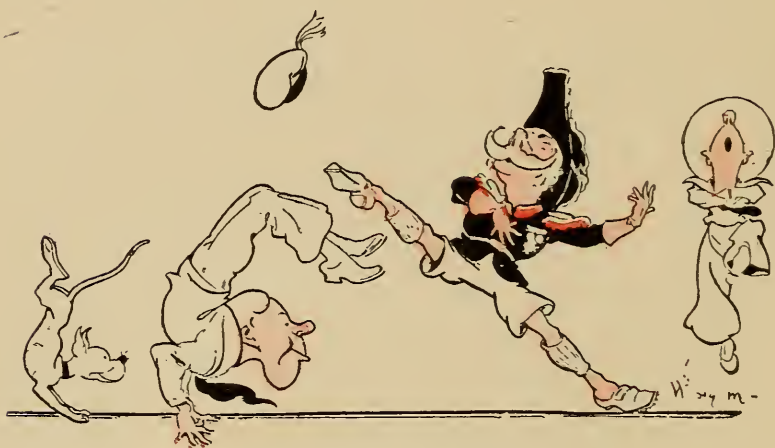
It hoisted me above the crowd and far above the bay.

But one old chap a bomb—kerslap!—threw
straight beneath my feet.
It burst into a dozen chunks; I used one for a seat.

It hoisted me above the crowd and far above the
bay,
And through the air in triumph to where the Swiss
flotilla lay.

I DOFFED my hat politely to those Russian
troops and mob
And cried: " You bet that I regret you couldn't
end this job! "
(Sarcastic, hey? It is my way,)—then—flop!—
that piece of bomb
Where I was seated with my dog began descending
from
The atmosphere till, with a cheer, I tumbled on the
ship
Of my old pal the admiral, who gave a Swiss
" Hip, hip! "
Good victuals he possessed galore; on them we
gaily dined
While I told how the Russian troops and mob I'd
left behind.
Then, just as in the Polar Seas, we danced the
wildest reels,

Encouraged by the sailors with ecstatic Alpine
squeals,
And ere we left, the admiral, with one wave of his
hand,
Remarked to me: "Henceforth you'll be my
second in command."



We danced the wildest reels.

III

I walked along the avenue, a magazine I read,
When some one stepped upon my foot with quite a heavy
tread.

The man did not apologize ; despite my anger, he
Serenely lingered on my foot, and spoke these words :



When some one stepped upon my foot with quite a heavy tread.

“Yarn Three!”

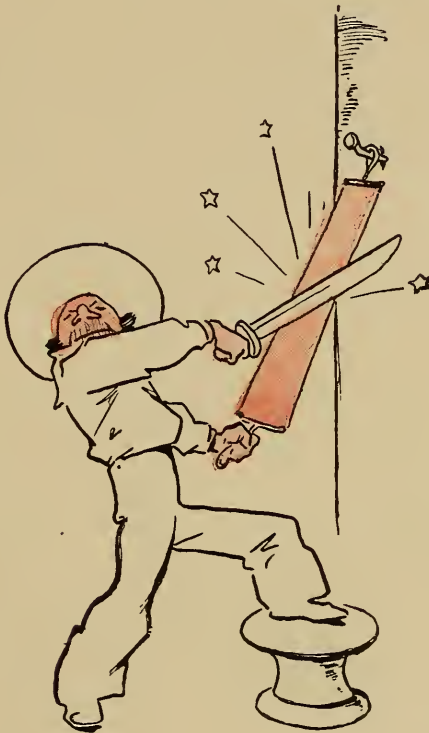
(How Davy Jones and the Swiss Admiral chased the Mince Pirates—and how the latter happened to escape alive.)

THAT kind-faced Swiss, the admiral, had
made me, I repeat,
His second in command o'er all his
mighty battle fleet;
And so I hitched the Flying Fish behind his flag-
ship grim
Because he wished me and my dog upon the bridge
with him.
And there he said: “ We'll sail the seas some vil-
lains bad to trap;
The fierce Mince Pirates, Davy Jones; we'll wipe
them off the map.”

“ **W**HY are they called ‘ Mince Pirates,’
sir? ” I asked. “ What is their mission?
Do they? ” said I, “ employ Mince Pie instead of
ammunition? ”

“ No, no, they’re called Mince Pirates,” said my
bold commander, “ since
They all are natives of an isle the name of which is
Mince.”

Whereat we veered our ships and steered straight
toward that pirate isle
And sharpened up our cutlasses in most terrific
style.



And sharpened up our cutlasses in most terrific style.



“ Sheathe cutlasses! Unload the guns!” (He fainted at these words.)

AND on the seventh morning, lo! our lookout
cried “ Hip, hip! ”

For on our larboard bow he saw the fierce Mince
Pirates’ ship.

I drummed the crew to quarters and I loaded all
the guns;

I served out extra rations of the big Swiss battle-
buns;

When suddenly I saw our chief was weeping in
despair

And pulling out whole handfuls of his beautiful
Swiss hair.

“ I cannot fight! It is not right! ” he cried in
wild dismay.

“ Those wicked pirates must have known that this
is my birthday!

Throughout my maritime career that day I’ve
never slighted—

All persons found for miles around to dinner I’ve
invited.

So be it with the pirates, then! Cook extra steaks
and birds!

Sheathe cutlasses! Unload the guns! ” (He
fainted at these words.)



The pirate horde all came on board with chuckles of delight.

THE pirate ship came sailing on; the villains
knew our plight;

The pirate horde all came on board with chuckles
of delight.

They scrambled o'er our bulwarks with barbaric
little shrieks,

Our chief and I received them while the tears ran
down our cheeks.

We served them wine and victuals fine—we
showed them all our sights—

Our handsome, pale topgallant sail—our set of
Northern lights—

Our brass jibboom—our compass room—our bat-
teries of guns—

The baker's oven where we baked the great Swiss
battle-buns.

THE pirates showed much interest—they said
just what they should—

But as for us—oh! how we longed to kill them
where they stood!

But soon our wrath cooled off a bit; for dinner
being o'er,

They leaned on rails, and told wild tales of
Mince's pirate shore;

They taught me their great battle-song—the one
that makes foes deaf—

(It starts with “Whee!” bawled out in G—and
ends with “Grrrrrrrr!” in F);

They taught me how to growl and scowl—and how
with rage to burn—

And then their captain made a point of getting me
to learn

The pirate dance: two skips, one prance—two
jiggles—than one more—

A mighty hop and then—kerflop!—a tumble to the
floor.

I PRANCED and skipped with perfect grace; I
did the jiggles three;

I hopped the hop, but my kerflop was a catas-
trophe.

I rose—I tried the thing once more—I jiggled
thrice anew—

I hopped again with ease, and then—cold water
brought me to.

Those kindly pirates picked me up and said it
 didn't matter;
They gave more cheers; they drank more beers
 (especially the latter)—
Until, filled full of food and wine, awake they
 could not keep,
So stretched upon the quarter-deck, they tumbled
 off to sleep.



I pranced and skipped with perfect grace ; I did the jiggles three.

'T WAS ev'ning, and the moonlight soft il-
luminated sky and sea

When my old pal, the admiral, said "Hist!"—
three times to me.

"Hist! Davy Jones—on tiptoe walk!—Hist—
muzzle up your pup!

Hist! Davy dear! No buccaneer till midnight
must wake up!

But when the stroke of twelve has struck, we'll
wake them with a bawl;

IT WILL NOT BE MY BIRTHDAY THEN!
We'll kill them one and all!"

MY blood was frozen in my veins; how icy-cold
it ran!

But all those Swiss were filled with bliss at their
commander's plan.

In fact his crew decided to send him a delegation—
(A quiet pair)—to whisper their respectful
admiration.

EIGHT—nine—nine-thirty—ten o'clock—still
those poor pirates slept!

The Swiss were sharpening their swords; I heard
the sound and wept!

Ten-twenty—fifty—fifty-five—I caught the gleam
of guns!

I heard the cook distributing the great Swiss
battle-buns!

Eleven-ten! A quarter past!—ELEVEN-FIFTY
EIGHT;

The buns were all distributed! No longer could
I wait!

I softly stepped to where he slept—that pirate
captain nice—

With silent vim I booted him and pinched his left
ear thrice.

They woke—I spoke—he and his folk all dived
into the brine,

Climbed their ship's rail!—crammed on all sail!—
ELEVEN-FIFTY-NINE!

Their canvas swelled—how those Swiss yelled with
fury at such luck!

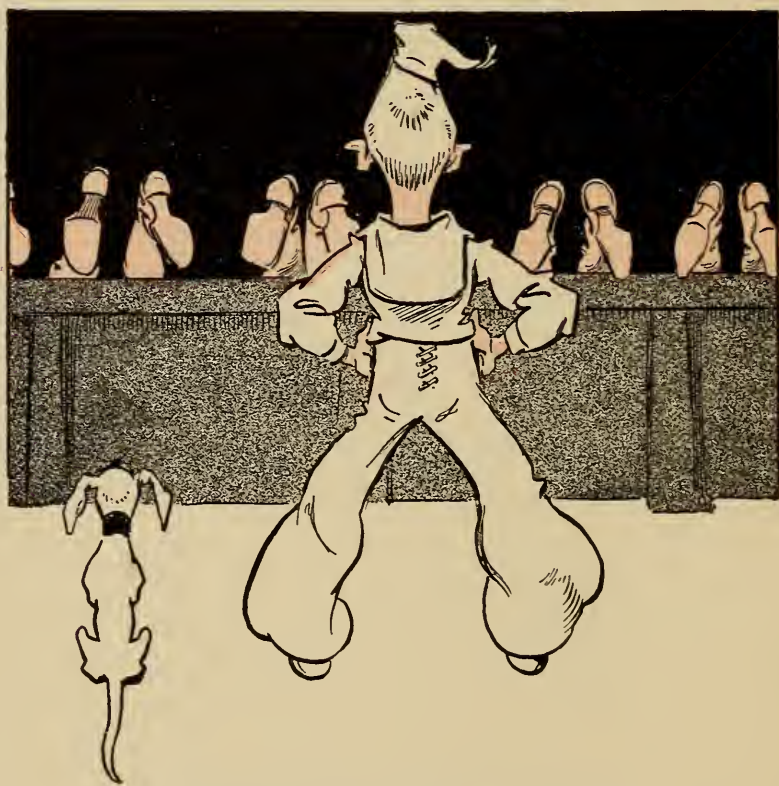
Ten seconds—twenty—thirty-five!—six!—seven!
—MIDNIGHT STRUCK!

THROUGH clouds of spray we dashed away; we
cut the waves zip-zip;

Like lightning o'er the waves we tore straight for
that pirate ship.

The admiral and all his crew, beside the loaded
guns,

With wild delight began to bite the great Swiss
battle-buns!



He and his folk all dived into the brine.

One minute more! 'Twould soon be o'er!
Straight to our course we held!

“ Aim starboard guns! Bite starboard buns!! ”
the Swiss commander yelled.

AND then I had a wondrous thought—I hailed
it with a cheer—

Straight down I flopped on deck, and dropped a
most enormous tear.

“ Oh, why these groans, good Davy Jones? Their
cause explain, I pray.”

“ I hate,” said I, “ to see men die. *To-day is MY
birthday!* ”

“ Unload the guns! Unhand the buns!” the
admiral bawled out.

“ Port! Starboard! Brail the mizzensail! Tack!
Bring the ship about!

Mince Pirates? Bah! Who cares for them? Who
worries in the least

When there’s a chance again to dance and eat
another feast?

Congratulations, Davy Jones! Why did you wait
so long

To tell our crews this gladsome news? Strike up
the Birthday Song!



“ All gather on the after deck and make the Birthday noise.”

Prepare to bake the Birthday Cake! Hurrah for
Davy, boys!

All gather on the after deck and make the Birth-
day noise! ”

THEY did! By all the stars, they did! If not,
may I be drowned!

(Upon my word, I never heard such team-play in
a sound!)

And while my pal, the admiral, ecstatically
cheered,

That luck-endowed Mince Pirate crowd discreetly
disappeared.

IV

Three minutes was the time I had to catch the train I sought.

How I did run! Two minutes! One! The train was almost caught.



Davy Jones laid hold of me.

Outside the gateway I arrived, I heard the engine's roar,
When Davy Jones laid hold of me and calmly said:

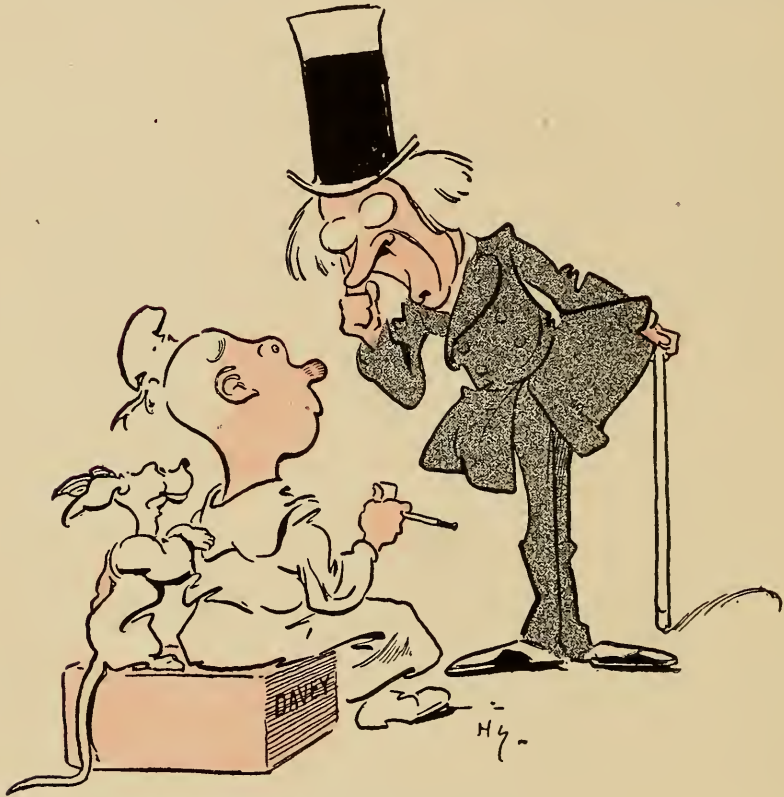
“Darn Four!”

(How Davy Jones and Professor Bim went to Cuba to kill the Revolution Bug, and how the Revolution Bug upset their plans.)

PROFESSOR BIM—you've heard of him?—the famous scientist—
Came up to me one day and said:

“ Dear Davy, I insist

That we both sail to Cuba in your little vessel snug



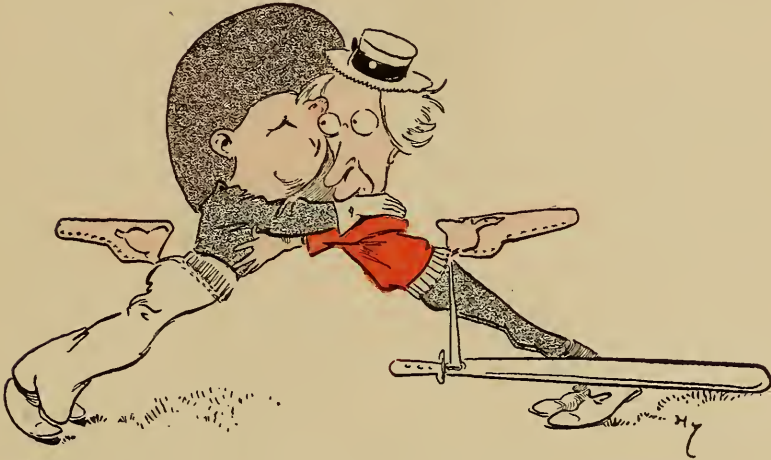
“ Dear Davy, I insist.”

And hunt until we catch and kill the Revolution
Bug
Whose wicked, unexpected sting makes Cubans
want to fight

And carry knives by fours and fives—a most unpleasant sight—

Oh, Revolution Bug, beware! Your fearful doom is nigh!

(A bug that laughed at Mr. Taft has simply got to die!)”



“ My ship, my pelf, my dog, myself, are yours, Professor Bim !”

MID wild enthusiastic cheers I promptly said to him :

“ My ship, my pelf, my dog, myself, are yours, Professor Bim !”

So off we sailed to Cuba—to a little landlocked cove,

Surrounded by the beautifullest little palm-tree grove.

The Cubans flocked to meet us dressed in fine out-
landish rigs;

They sang us Cuban ditties and they danced us
Cuban jigs;

They brought us cocoanuts galore; they brought
us sugar-cane,

And, being most obliging, danced and sang for us
again,

Until the slim Professor Bim remarked with
laughter smug:

“ I and my friend have come to end the Revolution
Bug! ”

OH, how those Cubans cheered with joy! Oh,
how they danced and sang!

Oh, how they thanked Professor Bim until the
welkin rang!

While he and I stood calmly by and wondered
what each wight meant.

(It takes the Spanish language to do justice to
excitement.)

They wished to make Bim President, but with a
little shrug

He said: " Must I not go and try to catch that
dreadful Bug? "

And so they made ME President of Cuba's lovely
isle,



He terrified each lizard green ; he shocked each peaceful frog.

With medals and a uniform most tropical in style,
While wise old Bim, alert and grim, with micro-
scope and net,
Went scrambling up the mountainside that dread-
ful Bug to get.



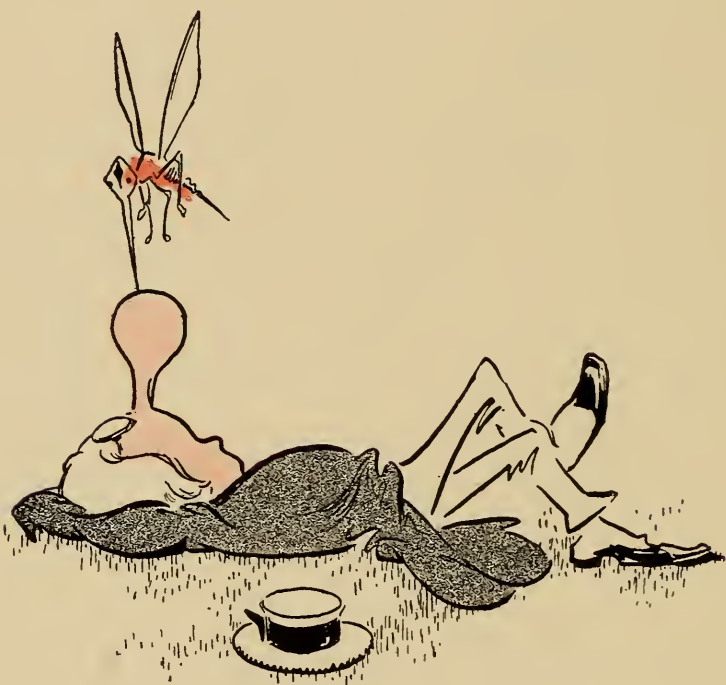
And so they made ME President of Cuba's lovely isle.

HE searched each nook and cranny with his
 little microscope,
With superhuman energy and undiminished hope;
He chased along the mountain-tops each buzzing
 thing he met,
And butterflies immense in size he tangled in his
 net;
He terrified each lizard green; he shocked each
 peaceful frog;
Each katydid flew off and hid in some secluded
 bog;
But when, exhausted by his toil, Bim dropped into
 a doze,
The Revolution Bug flew up and stung him on the
 nose!

A LAS for Cuba's lovely isle! That peaceful
 scientist -
Woke with a shout, an out-and-out old revolu-
 tionist!
He howled—he roared—he stole a sword! he
 gathered rebel troops!
He cried: "Down with the Government!" with
 most ear-splitting whoops!

I was the Government, you know; my dog and I
both cried

To think of him—Professor Bim!—upon the rebel
side!



The Revolution Bug flew up and stung him on the nose !

And when my troops marched out to meet the
troops my old friend led,
I sobbed with grief beyond belief as I marched on
ahead.

WE camped that night upon a plain; three hundred yards away

The rebel crowd politely bowed and waited for the fray.

One tear I wept before I slept—and, as I dropped that tear,

The Revolution Bug flew up and stung me on the ear!

“Down with the Government!” I roared next morn, with lusty lung.

“Down with it! Bang!” my soldiers sang—
(they also had been stung)—

And when the rebels heard that shout, forgetting war’s alarms,

With one great yell they came and fell into our open arms.

“THE revolution wins!” cried Bim, and danced a jig of glee—

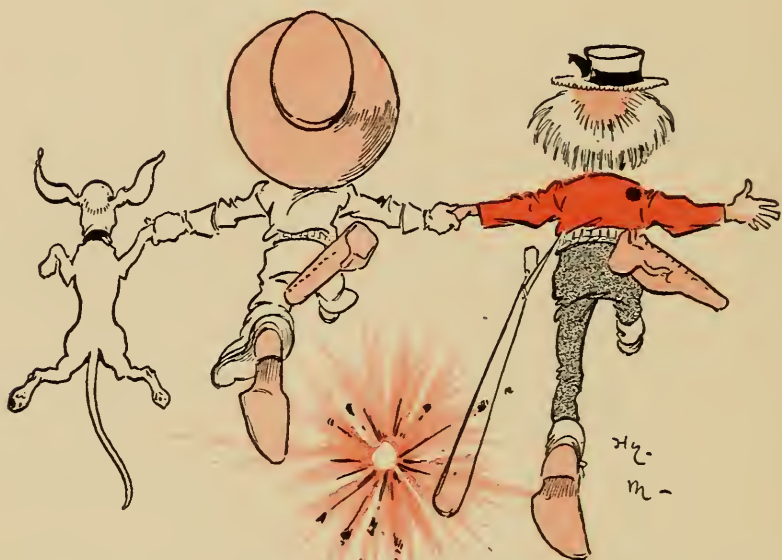
“It does, old boy!” I shrieked with joy, and wildly slapped my knee.

And then we marched into the town, upon election bent,

And by those revolutionists I was made President!

They wanted Bim—but 'twas his whim to try to
 find some thing
 To cure the Revolution Bug's most inconvenient
 sting.

And so I made him Minister of Chemistry and
 Sciences



We dashed straight for the landing-place ; great Scott ! how
 fast we went !

And let him buy a vast supply of Anti-Bug
 appliances.

I RULED that folk one week—then woke one
 lovely night bright-starred
 And saw the Revolution Bug sting all my Palace
 Guard.

To Bim I hied—"Wake up!" I cried; "Wake up!" I told my pup.

I grabbed Bim's wrist—"Come on!" I hissed—"Quick! Run! The game is up!"

We dashed straight for the landing-place; great Scott! how fast we went!

Close at our heels the Palace Guard yelled, "Hang the Government!"

We reached the schooner Flying Fish with not an inch to spare.

With hostile roar upon the shore those Guards pulled out their hair.

And as I thumbed my nose at them, beneath that sky bright-starred,

I saw them choose a President—the Captain of my Guard!

He made his best friend next in rank—my shoulders I did shrug—

For hov'ring 'round with whirring sound I saw—that dreadful Bug!

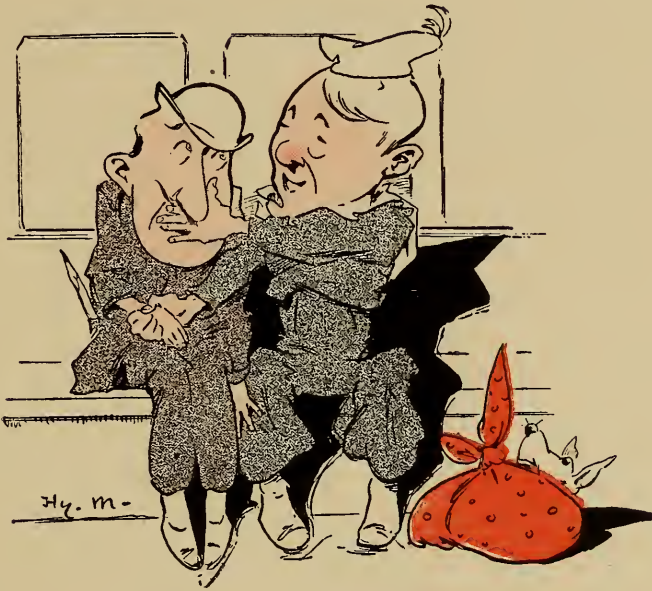
And ere we disappeared around the little harbor's bend

That wicked thing began to sting the President's best friend!

V

While riding on a Broadway car in deep and pleasant
thought

My fingers suddenly within an iron grip were caught.



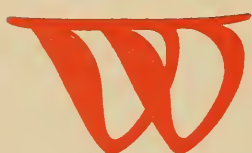
I turned—'twas famous Davy Jones.

I turned—'twas famous Davy Jones, as sure as I'm
alive.

“ A yarn, a yarn ! ” I bellowed—so he promptly cried :

“Yarn Five!”

(How Davy Jones met with a typhoon,—and how Napoleon should have armed his soldiers.)



WHILE crossing the Pacific once I
met with a typhoon
That didn't give my schooner even
half a chance to schoon.

With seething waves behind me and with foaming
waves before

The gallant little Flying Fish was dashed upon the
shore

Of some far Polynesian Isle—where, fortunately,
sand

Took half the thump out of the bump with which
we hit the land.

I LABORED hard to push the ship into the sea
again.

I strained—I shoved—she never moved—my ef-
forts were in vain.

And then I looked around and saw a dusky native
wight

Regarding me with hungry glee and dining-room
delight.

“ A cannibal! ” I cried, appalled. He slunk into a
copse,

Where, in the shade he stayed and stayed, and
grinned, and licked his chops.

He called some friends—they also grinned at me
and at my pup

Till I, with groans cried, “ Davy Jones, they’re
going to eat you up! ”

THEY went away. Dark night came on. I knew
that dusky bunch

Would come next day—it is their way—to claim
me as their lunch.

Then I remembered what I’d learned from great
Magadawhee,

The Zulu chief, whose firm belief is that a man,
if he

Will take a cat into a fight, has just as many lives
As has the cat. “ Ha! ” I exclaimed. “ Now,
Davy Jones survives

To-morrow’s fight! ” Then left and right I
pushed the bushes thick



“A cannibal!” I cried, appalled. He slunk into a copse.

Until I reached the huts of those whom I was
going to trick.

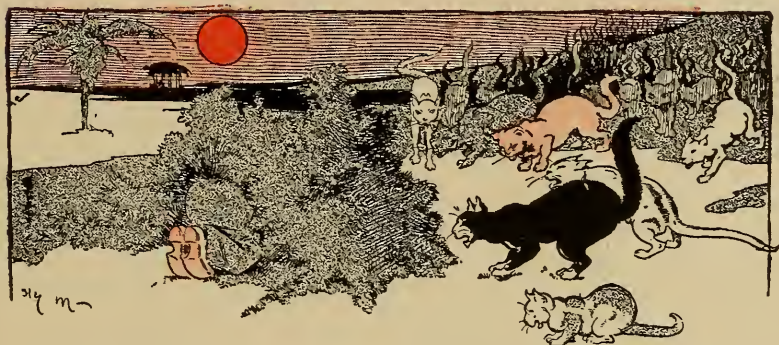
I LAY within the silent woods, close by the chief-
tain's house,

And for an hour with all my power made noises
like a mouse.

Soon ev'ry cat from ev'ry hut came sneaking out
to whip

That daring mouse—I trapped them all—and
took them to my ship.

I chose the kittens sleek and soft—I chose the
youthful cats,



I lay within the silent woods, close by the chieftain's house,
And for an hour with all my power made noises like a mouse.

I let the old cats run away to search the woods for
rats.

Then, hidden by a lofty rock, I went and took my
stand,

A kitten in each pocket and a kitten in my hand.



A kitten in each pocket and a kitten in my hand.

“ I’ve twenty-seven lives! ” I cried; “ so what a
fight there’ll be! ”

And, as I spoke, my foes awoke, and made a dash
for me.

I MOWED them down with cannon and with
pistols and with guns,
While, dodging spears and arrows, “ Dog Watch ”
bit the foremost ones.
And all the while I counted every mortal wound I
got;

Eight lives I lost from spears well tossed; nine
more from arrows shot
By foes galore. “ I’ve ten lives more! ” I cried,
“ to win the day.”

BUT just as I had almost won that terrible
affray
I felt my left coat pocket—Wow!—a kitten had
climbed forth,
And, while I cried, quite terrified, it disappeared
due north!
One kitten gone! Nine lives from ten! I had but
ONE life yet!
Straight as a shot I sought my ship—more cats I
had to get!
But all my enemies had seen that kitten disappear.
They understood my little trick and gave a savage
cheer.

ONE hour passed—they charged at last—and
gave me tit for tat,
For every man with savage joy was brandishing a
cat!

With mighty roar they neared the shore, the game
seemed almost up.

Amid their yells I winked farewells to my beloved
pup,

And then I played my final card. Without a trace
of fright

I hurled among those cannibals some bombs of
dynamite.

Bang! Bang! The front ranks, every man,
politely tumbled dead;

Bang! Bang! The rear ranks dropped their cats
—and spears—and hats—and fled!

For I had all the kittens—all the young cats—
all their wives,

My foes had all the old cats—EACH OF WHICH
HAD LOST EIGHT LIVES!

And that is why they perished, while I madly
danced with glee;

Then, running quickly to my ship, set all my
kittens free.

One mighty push!—and, with a rush, my ship slid
to the bay,

And as through silv'ry moonlight I serenely sailed
away,

I noticed those surviving foes, with disappoint-
ment smitten,
Lie down and screech upon the beach, and brand-
ish—each—a kitten!



And brandish—each—a kitten!

OTHER SALTED SONGS

THE LANDLUBBER'S TOAST

'TIS pleasant to taste of the spray
As the waters dash over the rail,

To be frozen and wet

And extremely upset

In the teeth of a thundering gale.

But the joys of a seafaring life

Are naught but the emptiest boast,

As glasses we clink

In a room that can't sink

And delightedly drink

A new toast:

“ Oh, here's to the land, yo ho!

Drain, drain every foaming tankard,

Oh, here's to the sea

As it looks to me

From a beach that is firmly anchored.

Oh, here's to the quiet, respectable street,

Where the winds never howl and the waves
never beat,

Where the ground has been trained to stick
close to your feet,
A health to the land, yo ho! "

There's a charm in the mariner's life,
Of pleasure he suffers no lack,
As he tumbles through space
The winds slap his face
And the boom makes a dent in his back.
When the waves wash him over the side
In a playful and innocent style,
The fishes who note
His descent from the boat
Eat him up, table d'hôte,
With a smile.

" So here's to the land, yo ho!
Drain, drain every tankard foaming;
The delights I resign
Of the billowy brine—
Let others do all my roaming.
Oh, here's to the land where you stick to
your chairs,

Where the beds do not fire you out un-
awares,

Where you know which is down, and which
is up, stairs,

A health to the land, yo ho! ”

FUTURE LAUNCHINGS

(The St. Louis brewers think it proper that the cruiser St. Louis should be christened with beer instead of champagne.)

'MID the pennants gaily streaming
Lo! the ship Vermont we launch,
Pour, oh! pour the maple syrup
On her armored bow so staunch!
Ah! what patriotic feelings
In our bosoms you awake,
Syrup of the verdant mountains,
Tamer of the griddle cake!

Hail the gallant ship Kentucky!
Long may she the oceans ply.
Break across her bows the bottle,
Pour the brown baptismal Rye!
Hear the cheers of countless Colonels,
See the banner in the breeze!
Cruiser!—keep the name untarnished
Of the highball on the seas.

Launch the gallant Porto Rico!
Let her seek the boundless main!
She is duly consecrated
With a mammoth coffee stain.
Beat, O coffee hearts exultant,
Planters of the berry—up!
Cheer ye likewise, sugar magnates,
Seven lumps went in that cup!

A BALLAD OF THE NORTH

OLD Captain Olaf Bimsen was a Dane who
wished to flit

Straight to the Pole and be the first to holler:

“ Tag, you’re it! ”

And so he built the Icicle, a staunch ice-butting
craft,

With iron nippers on her bow and twisted tweezers
aft.

He bought a kind of anchor which when let down
way up front,

Not only stands an impact, but, if needed, bears a
brunt.

He also purchased sledges strong and Borealis
rails,

And put three coats of Anti-Freeze upon his ves-
sel’s sails.

He got hot-water kettles, too, to pour upon the ice,
And melt it in a jiffy—in a moment—in a trice—

He signed a hardy Danish crew of mariners, yo
ho!

With individual mufflers on each finger and each
toe.

He got enormous quantities of food, whole kegs of
grog,

Besides a large fur-coated book, in which to write
the log,

And then he stood upon the deck and made a
speech intense.

(The crew's enthusiasm was, apparently, im-
mense.)

At last the fateful day drew near—all Denmark
swelled with pride—

But Captain Olaf Bimsen most unfortunately died.
The trip, of course, was given up; the Iceicle was
sold,

She's now a ferryboat, I hear, 'twixt Skjöp and
Westenskjold.

THE POET AND THE TAR

(Being a clash of Soul and Matter)

The Poet.

OH, tell me, sailor, I pray,
Of the ocean sublime and blue,
Of the long still nights,
When the Northern Lights
Do whatever it is they do.
Oh, tell of the radiant dawns,
Tell of Sitka and Singapore;
Of the creaking sails
And the spouting whales,
And the hurricane's fateful roar,
And the awesome thoughts in the sailor's mind
Whenever he leaves far, far behind
The lights of his native shore.

The Tar.

When I fust run away to sea
With a skipper called Mungo Noggs

We wuz all of us full
From the Hook to Hull
Of the wariegatedest grogs—
And the mate was a sawed-off runt,
But the cook was a tallish chap,
Yet the rest of us b'ys
Wuz of average size
Though our whiskers——

The Poet.

Oh, tell me, sailor, I pray,
Of the ocean profound and vast;
Of the cloudless sky
And the seagull's cry
As it circles about the mast.
Oh, tell of the stinging spray;
Of the dangerous, dripping fog—
And infuse the whole
With a dash of Soul,
For you sound like a vessel's log.
What I want is the salt-sea tang; in brief,
Let your Inner Self be your Leit-Motif,
And do not allude to grog.

The Tar.

When I next sailed away to sea
For a skipper we had Zeb Tate,
Who, concealed by a fog,
So diluted our grog,
That our jags wuz a whole day late.
And our cook he wuz six foot two,
But his dog he wuz two foot six,
Yet the average size.
Of the rest of us b'ys
(Not countin' Pop Squid)—wuz—wot's the mat-
ter, poet?—wot in——leggo my throat!

A ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.

IT was breezy—it was balmy—it was on a tropic
sea

When a mermaid swam alongside and addressed a
wink to me;

She could speak a little Choctaw—I could make a
bluff at Dutch;

So we understood each other—sometimes slightly,
sometimes much.

All creation was a-snoring—all the fishes slept
pro-tem.,

And the silent calm of midnight was suffusing
nine p. m.

As she swam the placid ocean and, with banjo,
softly sang,

In a waterproof contralto (with a lovely little
twang):

“Mister Sailor, Mister Sailor, of ungraceful
curves and bends,

Of the unromantic features and the plural lower
ends,

Plunge, oh! plunge, in silv'ry waters, gaily down-
ward navigate,



She swam the placid ocean and, with banjo, softly sang.

There a clergy-fish shall join us—if you don't
asphyxiate."

Thus she softly played and warbled with entranc-
ing tone and touch

(It was charming in her Choctaw as it sounded in
my Dutch):

And I cried: "Yes, maid, I'm coming to the depths
where ships lie sunk,

To the silent ocean caverns—to the—wait, I'll
pack my trunk!"

How I hurried on my mission!—ah! how soon I
hoped to meet

'Mid the banks of flashing coral, all the jellyfish
élite!

How I warbled and gyrated till—alas!—the Cap-
tain heard,

And he kicked me down the hatchway, which he
shut without a word.

Seven days of nameless torture—seven nights of
nameless pain

I survived by thinking mermaid; then they freed
me once again;

Forty years have since retired—forty times I've
loved (and much),
Yet—I yearn to hear her Choctaw as it sounded
in my Dutch!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

“IT positively verges on the personal, I think,
When any one informs me I’m a swozzle-
headed gink,
’Tain’t skipper-like of Captain Bangs; ’tain’t
noble or well-bred,
’Tain’t anythin’ exceptin’ true!” Bill Snaggs, a
sailor, said.

“ I may be this, I may be that, my manner may be
slow,
But why, by Davy Jones’s beard, should skippers
tell me so?
I’ll go and speak to Captain Bangs—he must
apologize—
I’m gettin’ astigmatic from his damnin’ of my
eyes!”

So Bill went up to Captain Bangs and said:
“ You’ve called this tar
A swozzle-headed gink.” Said Bangs: “ Exactly
what you are!”

“ I know, I know,” said Sailor Bill, “ and hence
it was an act—
If I may take the liberty—most lackin’, sir, in
tact.”

“ You’re right, my man,” the skipper said, “ so I
apologize
For all the names I’ve called you, and the damnin’
of your eyes—
Henceforth your name is ‘ Ocean Rose ’ and
‘ Pansy Face ’ and ‘ Pink ’
And ‘ Sea Anemone ’ instead of ‘ Swizzle-headed
Gink.’ ”

And so, when Bill would steer all wrong, or reef a
sail askew
The skipper, looking black as night, would call him
“ Morning Dew.”
“ Here, Morning Dew, you sweet-faced thing,
swab off that deck with suds,
You damask-featured son of dampened dandelion
buds! ”

And Bill thought over these remarks and said:
“ It seems to me

His language, though more lyrical, is pretty much
as free;

Whereby he gets his swearin' and his cussin' just
the same,

While I'm a bloomin' Flower Show and almost
dead of shame! "

And Bill grew sad and Bill grew thin and Bill ex-
claimed in pain:

"Avast this line of garden talk!—I must get
cussed again! "

And so he spoke to Bangs, who said, "I knew it! "
gave a wink,

And spent the morning calling Bill a "swozzle-
headed gink."

THE SAILOR'S LIFE

(As described by him constantly in comic operas)

WHEN in a rat-infested tub
We sail around the Horn,
Compelled, by what we get for grub,
To wish ourselves unborn.
When banged and tossed
And cursed and bossed,
And tumbled to and fro,
We have a single formula,
A crisp and salty formula,
For pleasure or for woe,
To wit: the constant bleating of the point-
less phrase "Yo ho!"
"Yo ho!" we bawl
In storm and squall;
"Yo ho!" we squeak
In weather meek;
"Yo ho!" we cheer,
"Yo ho!" we cry,

“ Yo ho, yo ho! ”—no matter why—

“ Yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! ”

(Hornpipe here, of course.)

Though in a tempest we may die
Far from our weeping wives,
Though raging billows, mountain-high,
May figure in our lives.

Though masts may break
And brave men quake
And winds in fury blow,
We never change our formula,
Our all-embracing formula,
For pleasure or for woe,
To wit: the ceaseless bawling of a mean-
ingless “ Yo ho! ”

“ Yo ho! ” our song
In tempest strong,
“ Yo ho! ” our balm
In vexing calm,
“ Yo ho! ” when gay,
“ Yo ho! ” when glum,
“ Yo ho! yo ho! ” ad libitum—
“ Yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! ”

(Hornpipe again, of course.)

THE YARN OF THE SEA-GOING CHEESE

WHILE sailing o'er the waters of the treacherous North Sea

In latitude fourteen-by-six and longitude 3B,
Upon a hidden, sunken reef, with loud, heartrending bang,

A German whaling vessel stuck—the Wein, Fisch und Gesang.

And only Friedrich Wurst, the mate, was rescued,
if you please;

He climbed upon a whale's broad back, and
brought along a cheese.

The monster gaily swam away and spouted
merrily,

While Friedrich thought: "If it should dive, vot
would become of me?"

But then he sniffed that cheese and cried:
"Eureka! Ha! Just vait!"

(That cheese had been a dotard back in eighteen-forty-eight.)

He took a handful of its crumbs, and, standing on
the whale,

He threw those crumbs into the sea, which bubbled
and turned pale.

The whale prepared to dive, it did; it spread its
jaws and smiled.



He climbed upon a whale's broad back, and brought along a cheese.

And then it got a taste of sea-mit-cheese that drove
it wild.

It lashed its tail; it thrashed about; it said: " As
I'm alive!

If that's the way the ocean tastes, I'm jiggered if
I dive! "

And so it stayed above all day; it lashed with
frightful force;

While Friedrich, standing on its brow, threw
cheese along its course.

Six times it tried the diving bluff; six times it
sipped the sea,

And roared: " If that's the Subway taste, a sur-
face life for me! "

At last it didn't even try; it hardly dared to
sneeze.

(No pen can paint the deadliness of that unhal-
lowed cheese.)

While Friedrich sat upon its neck and watched out
for a sail.

And soon he spied a whaling vessel near—so did
the whale.

The whale prepared to dive again; it sipped the
salty seas

Just at the moment Wurst threw in the whole re-
maining cheese.

It floated down the monster's throat; the taste was
something weird;

That frantic whale dashed toward the ship in
hopes of getting speared.

And speared it was, while through the air the
cheers of Friedrich rang,

For he had recognized his ship, the Wein, Fisch
und Gesang;

She hadn't foundered on a reef; she had encoun-
tered none.

(A violent contradiction to Lines Three and Four,
Verse One.)

DEEP-SEA THOUGHTS

A SAILOR'S life is a wonderful thing—so
variegated-like!

He never knows where he is going to land or what
he is going to strike.

He may be wrecked on a coral reef or eaten by
hungry sharks,

Or he may not be—do you catch my drift and the
tenor of my remarks?

He may, you see, depart from port, where the
water is calm and flat,

And presently hit a frightful storm—do you see
what I'm driving at?

Well, that is the hand of Fate, you know, a hidden,
tremendous force,

Which guides and steers and goes butting round—
you know what I mean, of course.

This element of uncertainty, of something-may-
happenness,

Is what I'm endeavoring to get at—you follow me,
more or less?

The sight of a barometric drop produces a shud-
dering

And trains of extremely high-class thought and—
well, all that sort of thing.

And thus the sailor is hushed and awed and filled
with a childlike doubt,

A sense of pulsating mystery—I was trying to
bring that out.

It's deucedly psychological and, according to those
who know it,

Reacts—do you see?—internally, and—Oh read a
deep-sea poet!

THE YARN OF THE LET-HER-RIP

THE learnedest crew that I ever knew was the
crew of the Let-Her-Rip;
They all read books in secluded nooks and wholly
ignored the ship;
At the boatswain's beck on the after deck they
would sit in a seething gale
And learnedly rant concerning Kant, forgetting
to reef a sail.

But the skipper, alas! was extremely crass—at
maritime Kants he shied,
So they pummeled his head till he cried "I'm
dead"—which they presently verified—
And they buried him deep for his final sleep in the
waters so green and cool
While the boatswain said (he was very well read):
"Sic transit a blamed old fool."

Then the cook for an hour read Schopenhauer—a
book which he always kept—

And the crew all cried: " Give us suicide! "—but,
as nobody did, they wept.

Then, immersed in gloom, from the long jibboom,
while a tear down his features stole,

One sailor sunk to his death—kerplunk!—with a
yell of " Wot is the Soul? "

And the boatswain cries: " Ay, wot is it, b'ys? "
and the sailors, despairing, weep,

Till seventeen more, with a hopeless roar, plunge
into the ocean deep.

So the scared cook reads some pleasanter creeds—
the sailors new courage get,

And the suicide men, bobbing up again, are rescued
extremely wet.

Now, all this may do in one gale or two, but it's
bad as a steady thing;

So the Let-Her-Rip on a reef went " zip! " and
split with a frightful " bing! "

And the crew all drowned with a look profound ex-
pressive of " We don't care! "

And the solemn old mate just gurgled " Fate! "
when he ceased to encounter air.

THE BALLAD OF THE MARLINE-SPIKE

THE gallant schooner Marline-spike, as spick-
and-span a craft

As ever luffed into the breeze with spinnaker
abaft,

Was sailing o'er a tropic sea as placid as a lake
When Elmer Twigg, a mariner, thus to the Cap-
tain spake:

“ The flyin' fish is sleepin', sir; the moon is hard
alee;

The Muse, with her rambunctious paw, has been a-
ticklin' me.

The voice of po'try fills my soul, so give me pen
and ink

And lock me in the capstan-head; I think I'm goin'
to think! ”

They did as Elmer bade them do; they gave him
ink and pen

They locked him in the capstan-head and told him
to say when,

And then the gunwale they belayed and made the
 scuppers tight
 And listened by the capstan-head expectantly all
 night.

At seven bells they heard him snore; they said:
 "He's overwrought!
 It must be so tremendous-like to wrastle with a
 thought!"

At half-past seven bells he cried: "My messmates,
 do not fear!
 The Muse is hoverin' round me and she's even
 pinched my ear!"

And thus till ninety-seven bells; then dawned upon
 the crew
 A light; they said: "We guess the game that
 Twigg is up unto!"

So they unlocked the capstan-head. He lay in
 slumber deep,
 And on a paper he had scrawled: "Oh, wot a thing
 is Sleep!"

.
 For Elmer there's no port watch now, no star-
 board watch, nor dog,

He watches all the day and night, and steers, and
 writes the log,
And swabs the deck and shaves the crew and cooks
 the things they like,
And wakes them up three times a month aboard
 the Marline-spike.

AN EPOCH-MAKER

(It is said that the new turbine engine will eliminate seasickness.)

NO more the dinner-gong's unhallowed note
Will make the transatlantic voyager weep,
By bringing visions of the table d'hôte,
That direst of the terrors of the deep;
No more the steward solicitous will be,
Rebuffed as on the deck he goes his way,
Repeating oft his gastronomic plea
Concerning the delights of consommé.

No more the ship's despair-provoking rolls,
As in the ocean's trough she madly delves,
Will stir the deepest caverns of our souls,
The inmost inwards in our inner selves;
No more we'll lie like freight upon the decks,
Wrapped up in steamer rugs undignified,
Profane, bright green, dilapidated wrecks,
Sincerely sorry that we never died.

Napoleon, Alexander, Genghis Khan,
Knocked over all their enemies like toys,
Bill Shakespeare flashed the searchlight into
man,
And Wagner grabbed the world's supply of
noise,
Sir Isaac Newton raised a great pow-wow
Concerning physics—Archimedes too
Was tropic stuff, but, Turbine engine, now
We'll hand the biggest laurel wreath to you.

IMMORTALITY ON THE HIGH SEAS

O H, the Sparkling Spray was a graceful
craft,

She was partly frigate and partly raft,
With a touch of sloop where the topsails brail
And her smokestack clewed to her mizzen rail.

And a bowsprit new

And a captain gay,

And a lively crew

Who remarked all day :

“ Though the tempest crash and the sea be churned
To a seething mass of foam ;
Though the lightning flash we'll be unconcerned,
For we're sailors in a ‘ pome.’ ”

Though the mainsail rip

All asleep we'll lie,

For we have a tip

That we cannot die,

Being sailors in a ‘ pome,’ yo ho !

Just sailors in a ‘ pome.’ ”

Oh, the Sparkling Spray hit a jagged reef,
And the public 'read with a firm belief
That the Captain stood 'twixt the hawser decks
Till he swallowed a wave and cashed in his checks.

And the poet averred
That the crew all drowned,
But he must have heard
This provoking sound:

“ Let the fellow fuss with his winds and waves
Through the stanzas where we roam,
Let the rhythmic cuss dig our paper graves
In the caverns of his ‘ pome ’—

As we're not alive
And we don't use breath,
We are sure to thrive
On a sudden death
In the caverns of his ‘ pome ’, yo ho!
The caverns of his ‘ pome.’ ”



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